TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING WORLD

saw in to-day's World: "A Ford a day given away free until Nov. 1." Stop giving Fords if you wish, but I beg of you don't stop the "What Did You See GRANDMA TEMPLE. To-day?" page. Jamaica, L. I., Oct. 25, 1922

READY! SHOOT!

A SECRET DISCOVERED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING WORLD Wonder if people realize what the "What Did You See To-Day?" page is accomplishing. Whether one is awarded a prize or not is immaterial, for every reader benefits by it. The "What Did You See To-Day?" page is making readers more alert and cobserving.

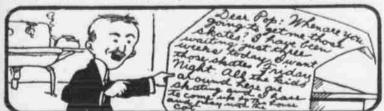
RAY BLUMBERG, No. 233 East 11th Street.

### MANHATTAN.

FATHER GETS A GENTLE REMINDER. PEAT I SAW that was "bright and unusual" was the letter I inclose. I found it to-night on the kitchen table, when every one else had gone to bed.

The unsigned letter inclosed is written in a schoolboy "fist" and reads as follows

"Dear Pop-When are you going to get me those skates? I have been waiting just three weeks to-day. I want those skates FRIDAY NIGHT. All the kids around here are skating, and I have to come up to the house and play with the cat. DON'T FORGET THE SKATES FRIDAY NIGHT."-Edward Hughes, No. 31 Gold Street, Manhattan



MR. S. GIVES A PARTY.

I saw one of the friendly little Central Park squirrels give a party this afternoon. I furnished the refreshments. Back and forth to the bench whereon I sat came the aquirrel, but instead of cating or hiding each peanut as I gave it to him, he carried it a short distance and piled it with other peanuts. When my supply was exhausted he scampered off in the bushes, soon returning with two other squirrels, invited guests, and they sat down to luncheon together. The three sat on their haunches and made short work of the feast.—Roslyn Kane, 51st Street this afternoon with a street photographer to make a pleture of himself and his brother, six, and they were posing for the snapshot, when a number of other urchins started kidding them. The posers could not maintain the serene expression desired in the sace of this, and the elder of the kidders, beat him until he started for home "to tell mams," then brushed off his clothes and again stepped before that we could hear the camera click—william A. Graff, No. 1376 First Avenue.

NOT EXACTLY A WATERBURY,

WHAT?

I am a milkman and for months past I have noticed that many people use me as an alarm clock so they will know when to get up. For a considerable part of that time many persona, as they heard me climbing the stairs of apartment houses between 4 and 7 A. M. would thrust out their heads from doorways and ask me the time. To save my time, I invented the plan of yelling "MRkman, 4.80 o'clock" or 5 o'clock or whatever the time might be, whenever I heard a latch click. I wonder how many people will be late at their work when some day I am delayed in making my rounds.—J. S. Schwars, No. 514 East 76th Street.

A lad of fitteen I noticed this evening on the 116th Street L station, was very conscious and proud of what evidently was his first pair of long trousers. They were well creased but he frequently tried to "sharpen" the crease with thumb and forefinger. 'After entering the train he carefully pulled up his trousers at the knees. Every time men entered at subsequent stations and pulled up their trousers upon sitting down, the boy would unconsciously do the same, until finally his trousers were nearly up to his knees. And to make his embarrassment worse, when he discovered it through the amused glances of other passengers, he still wore long stockings instead of socks.—Louis L. Snitman, No. 236 West 52d Street.

THE DEMONSTRATOR.

STOPPED TO-DAY in the store of a Lockport (N. Y.) furniture dealer, who is also an undertaker and a customer of my firm. I did not find him in front of the store, so I walked on to the rear. There I saw a group of people crying and gazing through their tears at a coffin. Presently they turned away and filed toward the front door. I stepped aside to let them pass and then glanced at the coffin. My hair stood on end when I saw the figure of a man rise from it. I could not move as he sprang from the coffin to the floor and hurriedly walked past and joined the group at the front door. They talked for a moment in a low tone of voice and then went away. The man returned and pleasantly asked what he could do for me. I could barely talk, but I managed to ask what he was doing in the coffin. "Oh," he answered, "these people wanted to buy a coffin for a man my size, so I just laid down in it to show them it was not too small."-Max Feldstein, No. 976 Amsterdam Avenue.

## BRONX.

BROTHER EARNS A FOOTBALL.

HIS MORNING BEING SATURDAY, my father promised my tenyear-old brother \$1-IF he would bring home some wood. Across the street a great tree had fallen, and the wood was waiting for any one who might come prepared to help himself. . . My brother has been anxious to be the sole proprietor of a football, and he was so anxious to be about the business of sawing and chopping that he bolted his breakfast in record time and was gone. Poor lad! \* \* • He chopped and carried wood until 3 o'clock this afternoon, when he came in to report that his work was over. \* \* \* I wish you could have been here to see him! His stockings and his pants were actually in rags. His sweater was full of stickers and splinters. His hands and arms were scratched so much they looked as if he had been in a cat fight. He certainly deserves the football, but it is going to cost Dad more than ONE dollar to get his boy rigged out and in shape again. Poor Daddy!-Edith Lundberg, No. 2876 Zulette Avenue, Bronx.



WHEN YOU'RE PAR FROM HOME AND KINDRED.

On Third Avenue to-day I saw a limousine. On the small seats reposed a a contract, drawn up and signed, which tiny white casket covered with flowers. promised the aid of a Building and In the rear seat a man was trying to comfort a woman who was quietly sobbing. Poor baby! None but the parents low for two on Rallroad Avenue, Scaratook part in its simple funeral.—Adolf dale, N. Y.—Mrs. L. A. Kirschbaum,

THEY NEVER FORGET. To-day at the breakfast table I saw my husband, thirty-four, receive a birthday card from his mother, eighty, who lives in Pittsburgh, Pa. "Mother are great; they never forget you," suid wiffs moist eyes.—Mrs. Frances H. Schlesinger, No. 2585 Grand Concourse.

ticket agent the cost of a ticket to Mrs. E. D. Hu Claremont Parkway Station. He Street, Bronx. told her 22 cents. The girls then con-sulted the time table again and one asked the agent the cost of a ticket to the Tremont Station. He said 21 cents,

DREAMS.

After years of struggle and privation I saw my dream come true to-day, I saw Plotks, No. 428 East 153d Street, Bronx. No. 306 East 206th Street, Bronx.

AN ANGEL KISSED HIM IN HIS DREAMS.

Two women were trying to amuse a little girl, about four, on a Third Avetue "L" train. The child espled a gentleman sitting next to them, peacefully dozing, with his head nodding. With a coy look she leaned forward and kissed the man demurely on the lips. The I saw two girls in the Mount Vernon touch awakened him from his doze, but station of the New York Central conmitting a time table. Then one asked and both women were looking at him.— Mrs. E. D. Husted, No. 740 East 1201

> AS LONG AS YOU'RE ABOUT IT! On the 180th Street crosstown car the conductor rang the bell and the car

## A PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS REPORTED FOR READERS OF THE EVENING WORLD BY READERS OF THE EVENING WORLD

New Programme of Awards and Special Prizes FOR THE BEST STORY OF EACH WEEK, \$100. For the Second Best Story of the Week, \$50. Third Best Story, \$25. Ten Stories Adjudged Next in Merit, \$5 Each.

Special Awards For High School Students

One Hundred Dollars will be divided weekly among high school pupils contributing to the "What Did You See To-Day?" page. For the best letter of each week sent in by a high school student, \$50; second best, \$25; five next in merit, \$5 each.

Special Awards For University and College Students

One Hundred Dollars will be divided weekly among university and college students contributing to the page. For the best letter of the week, \$50; second best letter, \$25; five letters next in merit, \$5 each. School and college contributors MUST name their schools. Wait for the worth while incident. Do not try to write every day. Bear in mind the question: "WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?" Not what somebody else saw, not what you heard and not something that happened last summer. What did YOU see to-day?

TWO DOLLARS WILL BE PAID FOR EACH ITEM PRINTED ON THIS PAGE. THE WEEKLY SPECIAL AWARDS ARE IN ADDITION TO THIS PAYMENT. CHECKS ARE MAILED DAILY.

Contributors to the page should write of subjects with which they are familiar. Choose, preferably, things that happen in your own neighborhood. Tell your story, if possible, in not more than 125 words. State WHERE the incident took place. Write your name in full. Write your address carefully. Address your letter to "What Did You See To-Day?" Evening World, P. O. Box No. 185, City Hall Station, New York, The Evening World pays liberally and in cash for FIRST news of really important happenings. In other words, for FIRST NEWS of BIG NEWS. If you witness a SERIOUS accident, see the outbreak of what threatens to be a BIG fire, or know of any other BIG news story, tele-phone at once to Beekman 4000 and ask for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Be sure of your facts. "Every Reader a Reporter."

# SEE NEXT MONDAY'S EVENING WORLD FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEW AUTOMOBILE PRIZE

OUT OF TOWN.

THE SKIPPER OF A ONE-MAN CAR.

TT WAS PAY DAY in a big factory in Tuckahoe and I was going home on a trolley. These are one-man cars, where the motorman also collects the fares. When I arrived at my street I saw my neighbor get out, but I went on another block to the store. An old woman sitting next to my neighbor in the trolley picked up an envelope and examined it. On her way out she handed it to Bobby, the motorman-conductor. I was home only a short time when I saw Bobby running up the hill, which is 350 feet long. His trolley car was standing at the bottom of the hill. He rang my neighbor's bell. "Did you lose anything?" Bobby asked him. "No," answered my neighbor, but I saw his hand move to his back pocket and a look of consternation come over his face. "My week's wages!" he cried. "Here it is," Bobby said cheerfully, as he turned and ran back down the road to his car, where a score or more of persons were patiently waiting to continue on homeward. Bobby has been on this trolley line a long time and knows nearly every one who patronizes it. It is such an instance as this that gives you pride in your fellow men .- Adolph Moeller, No. 16 Sprain Place, Nepperhan Heights, Yonkers, N. Y.

> WE HAVE EVERYTHING. Being a stendy reader of another

paper, I bought The Evening World just

ture I shall be able to find out wha they have on sale by consulting Th Evening World.—Mrs. William Heller

in. 20 Lafayette Avenue, Englewood

I was on a Harrison car, which pourded at Lyons Avenue and Berge

tor come into the car between stops with a piece of chamols in his hands

and diligently rub each window until all

shone like crystal.—Mrs. G. W. Schoner, No. 55 Weequahic Avenue, Newark, N. J.

WHILE THE FUNERAL PASSED.

I naw two men fixing a roof on

guise Morse, No. 436 Seventh Avenue,

funeral wound its way slowly as street, I saw both men stop serios and remain in respectful st

Chey were very busy hammeri

Street, Newark, when I saw the cond

A HALLOWED SPOT IN JERSEY. ) At the old Tennent Church at Ten-

ent, N. J., I saw an historic editice nd ancient cemetery that attracts vis- to see the "What Did You See To tors from all over-the country, as evi-lenced by the Visitor's Registry Book. The centetry is on the slope of a small Assum department store in Brooklyn with the church on ton overlooking As I patrowize this store reg ind those that are not kept up by thos n history was close by and the bullet soles on the outside of the church still ure there, only covered with a piece of netal to prevent the elements from eating into the interior. I saw the blood-stained seat where a wounded soldier was carried to die in his country's service. I saw pews endowed ervice. I saw pews endowed to the semory of many great men, including len. Grant, Theodore Roosevelt, and this here son, Quentin. I can recom-mend a visit to this hallowed spot as well worth while.—Miss Bessie A. Down, R. F. D. No. 2, Freshold, N. J.

DEMONSTRATOR?

I saw a woman come out of the town ardware store to-day with a dustless cop, walk over to her car and go over map, walk over to her car and go over it very thoroughly, beginning at the top and working down over the body and fenders. When she was indished and drove away what I saw was such fine results that I went in and bought one of the mois to use on my own mar.—Mrs. C. R. Evans, P. D. Box No. 30, Point Pleasant, N. J.

SLEEPYHEAD OF SUMMIT. On the 5.15 from Hoboken I waw a hough a friend began trying to swake ully as the train passed the sterion i extored the young man to conside yess in time for him to get off at Che usm. He seemed lost, still blicked deepity, as I directed him to a trade that would take him tack to Summit, W. B. MacMillan, No. 218 Main Street hatham, N. J.

A FAMOUS APPLE TREE, I saw a middle and woman with gra-hair picking wild asters near the of Phillips farm house, at New Brusswich the scene of the Hall-Mills morder. She gathered several smismally fin flowers close to the apple free und-which the bodies of the rector and to choir singer were found. "I'm tides these home for souvenirs," she informe me.—Walter E. Boyd, No. 88 MeLore Street.

HE "THOUGHT EVERYRODY KNEW THAT

Early Monday morning I called for our of shoes that had been repair and the coldier told me that I was the first enstoner of the rules week, and that the business of the entire week deand seeing her disappointed look, asked:
"What's the matter?" "We only have
60 cents and want to get to New York,"
she answered. "Borry," he said, "but
there is no 20 cent fare from here."
The girls walked out of the station.—
Helen S. Newman, No. 370 East 170th
pwyer, No. 1823 Wallace Avenue, Bronx.

The tremont Station. He shid is included and the car
that the stations of the station whether the first customer
pended upon whether the first customer the first customer the first customer the first customer the first cus

A SON TO BE PROUD OF.

BOARDED A JACKSON AVENUE CAR at 16th Avenue. At 14th Avenue I was greatly surprised to see a boy of about nine years, with a baby of about two years, board the car. The baby could barely walk, and in order to put his nickel in the coin box the boy had to put the baby on the floor. Then he picked up the baby and, with his school bag on one side and the baby on the other, he came into the car, seeking a seat, as unconcerned as could be. A woman sitting next to me arose and seated both of them and baby at once began to play with my pocketbook. The boy noticed this and very gravely opened up his schoolbag and, picking out a ruler, put it in baby's hand. When I reached my destination the baby seemed happy with the ruler and the boy contented. I do not know whether or not he took the baby to schoool with him, but I do know he was able to take care of the baby in a most competent manner.-Mrs. G. E. Gerber, No. 86 16th Avenue, Long Island City,

QUEENS.



TRA FOR IT. My husband and I had an appoint ment to go to the Astoria Theatre with conflor young counte, but when w called for them at their home in Stein way Avenue they were not quite ready thy not, and there I saw my frien ofth a sufety ruser as neatly as an arber could be it.—Mrs. H. Stanbridge

WITH A DROP STITCH.

I saw a woman in a Fifth Avenue bu trying to affix a stamp to an envelop-only to find that the stamp lacke enough muchage to stick. Was alenough mucilage to stick. Was sl stumped? Not at all. Reaching in h hag she brought forth a needle ar thread and with a few deft stitches to Mrs. Anna Scotes, No. 611 Boulevard Astoria, L. I. (Queens). I teach in the Corona school, and

these brisk days it has the temperature of an ice-box. Pupils huddle together, wearing sweaters and overcoats to class, and it is difficult to teach the young idea how to shoot under such circumstances. The Assistant Principal told the pupils all to be sure to put on woolen undies, and to bring plenty of sweaters and coats, and I saw several little tykes, with far-seeing mothers, open their shirts and exhibit for the benefit of shivering fellow-students, layer upon layer of woolen undies over their priny chest.-W. B. Thompson, No. 224 Parsons Boulevard, Flushing, L.

I., Queena.

LAUGHING ELECTRICITY. In a dentist's office in East Seventh Street, between Avenues C and D, I saw a man with his mouth held open a man with men and the dentist's chair. Every and then his eyes would light up he would laugh out as best he would laugh out as best he who the dentist went about his know a H'll' man when I shee one, an' itting in the dentist's chair. I'm gonna shee that you getta hammer—so you jusht go and buy yourshelf one." Mrs. Hanna Berkowitz, No. 1092 The laugh seemed strange to and I saw no occasion for it until I President Street, Brooklyn. hones to his ears and was getting me royal entertainment out of the her-which is a different use of a diferent kind of ether for deadening pain.

C. J. Ermentrant, No. 8706 86th treet, Woodhaven, L. I. (Queens).

THE SMILE THAT CAME OFF.

I saw a chauffeur, arraigned in the Magistrate's Court, Long Island City, mile as he pleaded guilty to speeding hirty-two miles an hour. The Magis ate frowned. "According to your record you are entitled to a citation from this court," he told the young man. he chauffour smiled again. He had a very pleasing and winning smile, but it d abruptly when the Magistrate poked him over coolly, then turned to "Fifty dollars fine." he said adding to the chauffeur, "jail the next time." The chauffeur wasn't smiling as he paid and walked out.—Thomas tt. No. 49 Jackson Avenue, Long

HER FIRST THOUGHT. was in Frank Mandel's dry goods ore at No. 654 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn. when I heard a baby cry. Its mother surriedly left the store and wheeled in the carriage, which seemed to soothe the infant. A few minutes later I heard baby cry. Its mother store and wheeled in baby! my baby!" forgetting that she child had escaped with no other damage improvised cried, as I could see he had wheeled her baby inside.—Felix R. these a pair of badly turn stockings—hands waving over the top.—John C. Bennett. No. 1725 Cornelia Street, Mrs. R. Heller, No. 26 Apollo Street, Rennett. No. 132 Westervelt Avenue Recognity.

STRICTLY BUSINESS.

BROOKLYN. C.

DASSING THE HOTEL PLAZA on the Central Park side, I saw a young man and a young woman waiting at the curb for a taxl. Not far away was one of those relies of the good old days, a hansom cab. I saw the young man, who was as blind to the hansom as most folk appear to be nowadays, signal a taxicab which was still in the offing-and then I saw the old cab borse perk up his head like a soldier and amble up for the job. There must have been eight or ten of us who observed the incident. We saw the young man wave the taxicab away, saw the sour look on the taxi driver's face, saw the white-haired driver of the hansom abandon his confab with another old-timer near by, and saw the young gentleman hand his young lady into the cab just as his daddy probably handed in some other lass some thirty years ago. There wasn't much more to be seen. Cabby mounted



his high seat and the Wonder Horse turned about and headed into the

park .- L. A. Emanuel, No. 266 Keap Street, Brocoklyn.

WHAT THE KIDS ARE PLAYING. | In a vacant lot containing a few trees and bushes, on Bay Parkway near 85th Street, I saw a group of boys playing. I stopped to see whether it was "Indians" or "Highwaymen," and found that I had done an injustice to the perception of our precedent Youth. Some of the boys were hidden behind the trees and bushes and a single to was ready to attempt a dash past all o them on his bicycle, a distance of abou 25 yards. One jumped from a tree in time to catch him and in an instant at surrounded him, yelling: "Search him for booze!"-Gustave Szabo, No. 21. Bay 31st Street, Bensonhurst, Brooklyn

"THE BABIES ON OUR BLOCK." I saw twelve men wheeling babies in carriages on our block to-day. In th four blocks between my house and the store I counted thirty-seven more, all of them proud fathers caring for their young while mothers were busy prepar-ing the big Sunday dinners. They hand about the street in groups of two and threes, talking and gossiping just lik-a bunch of nursemalds. Every Sunday "Daddy's Day"—in my house, too.— E. Adleman, No. 2236 82d Street

OH, MAN!

To-day my wife decided to take her fur coat out of storage. Well, the wom-en will have their way, and meekly I accompanied her, although I refused to enter the store because it was crowded with women. I stood at the corner of Bond and Fulton Streets, Brooklyn, and while waiting for her saw an angry father trying to pacify an infant in a baby carriage. The baby kept wriggling about and bawling, and as oft-times in the past I have been the victim of a similar experience, I sympathized with the poor father and offered my aid. early, a carly, by "Give him a bottle," I suggested. That "Say, y the baby's face made up for its inability to word its thanks. The women ertainly are there with the goods-and o was my wife with her for coat.-John P. Leo, No. 787 Sterling Place,

BABY WANTS A HAMMER. Is the basement of a store on Fulto Street near Nevins to-day, my three-year-old son suddenly decided that a good sized hammer was the one thing necessary to complete his happiness Visions of my already mutilated furni ure rose before me, and I tried to reason with him without avail. I was about to drag him forcibly away from that counter when I saw a man-the real "Old Soak"—about fifty, gray and badly in need of a shave. His hat was pushed two nickles into my baby's tiny fist as he said, "You're gonna have a

TRY AND GET IT.

To-day, among some old books, I saw a copy of The New York World, dated Dec. 15, 1881. It consists of eight pages Dec. 15, 1881. It consists of eight pages and cost four cents and contained some highly interesting advertisements among them this one: "French's Hotel, Opposite City Hall Park, Court House and New Post Office. Location Very Central. Horse Cars for all depois pass the door." Another one: "Piper Heidseick Champagne. For Sale Everywhere!" Where can anyone see such an advertisement to-day in the United States? I did to-day, but it was in a New York World of forty-one years ago.—Harry C. Ewald, No. 423 77th Street, Brooklyn. Street, Brooklyn.

LESSON NO. 1.

I was horrified this morning at ing a neighbor's three-year-old boy of an automobile across the street from my home, as a man stepped into the machine and started it. People yelled machine and started it. People yelled and pointed at the car, but the driver, glancing at both sides and seeing noth-ing wrong, kept on and turned into Meeker Avenue, a very busy thorough-fare which always is congested with automobiles and trolley traffic. Finally the infant. A few minutes later I heard actually a crash and saw a runaway horse and automobiles and trolley traffic. Finally a rach as another car pulled up alongs and the wagon struck of fire child was dragging at the rear. The store at the exact spot where the baby had been a few minutes earlier. Seeing causing the little fellow to fall off. The man picked him up sad raced with him in the car back to his mother. The lately my baby!" forgetting that she child had escaped with no other damage had wheeled her baby inside.—Felix R. Solemens, No. 1725 Cornelia Street, Mrs. R. Heller, No. 2s apollo Street,

MYSTERY OF AN 1897 "MOVIE." To-day I saw a most unusual "movie."
The greatest part of the reel consisted f pictures taken in 1897 (the year of my birth). These showed the inauguration of President McKinley, and he surely was a big, wonderful looking man, but he seemed to lack the "punch" found in men of to-day. In fact, all the persons in those days, even the cavalry, seemed slow. "Pep" was totally ab-sent. My husband remarked: "What old slowpokes they were in those days."
The styles in clothing seemed quaint, The styles in clothing seemed quaint, and I was particularly impressed with the beautiful horses and coaches of that yester-year. Then at the end of the picture it explained that in 1897 the movies were in their veriest infancy and were not able properly to register human motion, so all we thought or said about "slowpokes" was not justified. I wonder if the movies of to-day will be as interesting to the folk a quarter of a s interesting to the folk a quarter of a ntury from now, and if the movie patrons of 1947 will think us as quaint.— Mrs. E. Ulzmeimer, No. 355 Lincoln

HOW THE THING SPREADS.

Avenue, Brooklyn.

Ours is a new apartment house, with nifty roof where the fair ladies of Bitty root where the fair ladies of a building can exchange views, choice its of goasip, etc., ad itb. Says Mrs. acres Fortier to Mrs. Allen: "I hate bonographs, don't you?" "I detestion," admits Mrs. Allen. "I wouldn't ave one in the house." To which Mrs. Ortice heartily agrees. And thats the Portier heartily agrees. And thats that and it's Saturday.

mroning: unmistakable trains of Fortier flat, which is next to Mrs. Allen's Sunday afternoon; unmistakable sounds of a talking machine energy from the Allen flat, next to the Fortier's A duet in two flats!

Monday morning, bright and early, says Mrs. Fortier to Mrs. Allen:
"Say, you must think I'm the dead." of a similar experience, with the poor father and offered my aid, with the poor father and offered my aid, "Give him a bottle," I suggested. That didn't work, nor did anything else we could think of. Finally my wife came along and, picking up the baby, found a large safety pin wide open pricking a large safety pin wide open pricking the same and she sent home a phonograph. But wasn't that a phonograph I heard in your apartment too?" "Yes," sald Mrs. Allen, laughing. "You see, it was baby's birthday and we gave her a party and Mrs. B. on the right, voluntarily sent Mrs. B. on the right, Voluntarily sent in her phonograph so the children could dance." "I've decided to buy one," re-torts Mrs. Allen. And that's how they ill 'em!-Mrs. DeWolfe Allen, No. 1301 Avenue K, Brooklyn.

RICHMOND.

FOR MAN OR BEAST. At the foot of the little park in Tomp-At the foot of the little park in Tomp-kinsville is an old village water trough, quite logically placed in front of the blacksmith shop. I saw a truck, bound Stapletonward, drive up, and the horses had just been watered when Henry's Ford, of ancient vintage (perhaps it was his first) came wheezing along. With a spannedly shudder it almost over one eye, his clothes were shabby, and he looked as though dimes didn't grow on trees near where he lived. I was frightened for a moment as he leered at me, but he only loud "Giddap!" the truck started on its Henry's ancient Ford did shimmy a bit, coughed a few times, then went her way chartling in content-ment. Yes, the good old trough sees busy days ahead.—Henry G. Jefferson. No. 165 Livermore Avenue, Westerleigh,

> THE SLEEPER FAMILY. On the 9.49 P. M. train from St.

George I saw an entire family taking advantage of the soft cushions of the eats in our cars. There was a father, nother, girl about four and boy about cirl using one and the boy the other as blankets and pillows. The mother was in a sitting position and the father was slouched down in his seat, with his feet up on the one in front of him. The entire family was fast asleep,-Miss Al-vina Renz, No. 98 Otls Avenue, Grant City, S. I.

TO SHOW DADDY.

As I was hurrying home from a shop-ing trip I saw my neighbor's boy, a lad of three, toddling along in the rain, a served that his clothes were drenched from the heavy downpour, yet under his arm he was carrying a child's umbrella." Why don't you put up your umbrella." "Mother gave me this for to-day," he replied. "I'm my birthday te-day," he replied. "I'm taking it down to show daddy and i musa't get it wet." The last I saw o musn't get it wat." The last I saw o him Jackie was toddling down th street in the rain with his birthda gift safely tucked under his arm.—Mr J. J. Callaban, No. 101 Lexington Avenue, Part Blehmond, S. I.

IN AN UPPER BERTH.

On the purch of the house adjoinir rean drawer and place a white blank and pillow in it. Then she brought ou her baby and placed it in the drawer The baby seemed quite contented in he

NEW SPECIAL AUTOMOBILE PRIZE WILL BE ANNOUNCED, NEXT MONDAY

MARJORIE SEURIX No. 50 Cornelia Street, Brocklyn -SAUL WEIL, No. 315; Third Avenue, the Bronx.

Yesterday's Special Prizes

FORD CAR.

(Winners of Ford Prize report immediately to City Editor, Eve-ning World, for identification.)

First Cash Prize, \$25.

MRS, F. E. FALKENBERG, Jackson Avenue, Queens Village,

Second Cash Prize, \$10.

MRS. THOMAS MORGAN, No. 150 St. James Place. Drucklyn.

Third Cash Prize, \$5.

Ten Cash Prizes of \$2 Each.

J. LYNN LEONARD, D. V. M., No. 768 Crescent Street, Astoria.

MRS. M. BRENNAN, No. 425 Hicks Street, Brooklyn. PETER J. HUGGA.D. No. 33 43d Street, Corona. FLORENCE C. STUMP, No. 219 Westfield Avenue, Elizabeth,

J. M'AVOY No. 1009 Hudson Ave., Wedeliff-on-Hudson, N. J.

ETHEL M'HUGH, No. 150 Van Buren Street, Staten Island.

HELEN G. BAKER, No. 263 West 11th Street.

J. C. RAUB, Thornwood, Westchester County, H. WACHSMITH, No. 38 42d Street, Corona.

MRS. ANNA T. SMITH, Gladstone, N. J.